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Poems



—ON—



Alaska,

The Land of the Midnight Sun.



DESCRIPTIVE. PERSONAL, HUMOROUS.



BY AUTHORS RESIDING IN THE TERRITORY.

Mailed Postpaid on Receipt of \$1.00. Alaskan Office,
Sitka, Alaska.

ILLUSTRATED.

ALASKAN PRINT, SITKA, ALASKA.







Poems

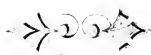
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MAIN

❖ Dedication. ❖

HAIL AND FAREWELL!

*Brief comers to our Northern Isle
From sunnier lands of balm and bloom,
We hold your hands a little while,
Then say good bye, ah! oversoon.*

*We give you greeting such as they
Can only give who exiled long,
Environed by the ocean grey,
Have learned its wild weird song.*

*The freedom of our rocky shores
Whereon wild Arctic storms are hurled,
And sea blown spray in salt rain pours
On this rude outpost of the world;*

*The witching greenery of the wood,
Where sunshine falls on mount and glen,
Writing a language understood
By those who love their fellow men;*

*The tender bloom of un-named flowers,
Which blossoming in beauty rare,
Outline the few and happy hours
When they look heavenward in prayer;*

*The rippling of the glacier stream,
Which hurrying seaward strong and fleet,
Like a glad voice heard in a dream,
Murmurs a music soft and sweet;—*

*Are all for thee, for thee and thine,
By Nature's hand so grandly set,
Like jewels in this far off eline,—
Our Country's Northern coronet.*

*And we, who tarry for a space
In this lone land, these verses bring,
Assured there is some happy place
For wandering birds who try to sing.—*

*Some tender hearts which will enshrine
These rude songs sung beside the sea,
With memories of the present time
And other joyous days to be.*



POEMS BY
Hon. Henry F. Haydon.



LEGEND OF BARANOFF CASTLE.

Oh ! Castle, grim and hoary,
Shorn of every pristine glory,
You will live in song and story
Though thy splendors all have flown.
While the sad sea winds are singing
And the ocean surge up-springing
Its briny tears are flinging
At thy feet, with solemn moan.

Lo ! I catch the silver gleaming
Of the sunset gently beaming,
As if there were some meaning
Borne to thee from out the West :
Do departed sons and daughters
Talk with thee across the waters ?
Does the Russian faith they brought us,
Bring sweet peace for thine unrest ?

In the stormy, wintry weather,
When the shades of evening gather,
And the dusky raven feather
Of the black night, quickly falls ;
In the cold and bleak December,
Do phantoms, tall and slender,
Haunt the places they remember
In thy now deserted halls ?

Do they come in silks brocaded,
Full blown flowers and buds unmatd,
Maids and matrons all translated
From the silent, shadowy land :
With their lords and loves beside them,
So that none may dare deride them
If by day the world desiered them
Dancing with that ghostly band ?

List ! I hear the music swelling
From this gaunt and ghastly dwelling,
And the dancing waves are telling
A strange story of the past,
The birds fly low to listen,
And the islands seem to glisten,
And a weird, uncanny chime
Above all seems overcast.

In the days now long departed,
Two young lovers, tender hearted,
Whose bark of life had started
Without heed of time and tide,
Kept their trysting in the Castle,
Each to each a willing vassal,
While the elder folk held wassail,
They wandered, side by side

While the stormy winds were crying,
And the ocean spray was flying,
And the wild birds were replying
To the thunders of the sea:
Bound by love's immortal tether,
What cared they for wind and weather ?
Sunshine always when together—
Pledged to truth and constancy.

She was the high born daughter
Of a Prince across the water,
And her watchful father brought her
To this far off Northern land,
But sweet Fate had overtook her,
Love, though blind, could not o'erlook her,
And if all the world forsook her
She still owned her heart and hand.

And she gave both of them gladly,
For she loved her lover madly,

And she never thought how sadly
 Could a love so pure and true
 Be the cause of their undoing—
 Bring the curse of awful ruin;
 Or that murder, pale, was brewing
 For them—rosemary and rue.

He was young and fair, and stately,
 And he bore himself sedately
 With a native grace, which greatly
 Added to his noble mind.
 No princely race had borne him;
 No ancestral name hung o'er him;
 With his future all before him—
 What cared he for days behind ?

And he loved the Prince's daughter,
 And not knowing fear, he sought her;
 Like the tide of ocean water
 Rose the tide of love in him.
 When their happy troth was plighted
 And their red, warm lips united,
 Like a hero newly knighted,
 With life's glass filled to the brim.

He felt pledged to high endeavor,
 Which no time nor change could sever;
 Like the Northern star, forever
 Would her love shine as his guide,
 Sung in song, and told in story,
 Queen of Court, and camp, and foray,
 Of his life the crowning glory,
 What ill fortune could betide ?

And no thought of dire disaster
 Made his pulses beat the faster,
 When his haughty Russian master
 Came to him one fateful day;

And ordered quick repairing
 For a mission full of daring,
 With some other brave hearts sharing
 From the warships in the bay.

One long kiss on sweet lips, saintly,
 Some fond words spoken, faintly:
 For he loved the Princess quaintly,
 As men love some far off star.
 No complaint or murmur making,
 With his true heart almost breaking,
 Sad and tender love-leave taking,
 For the glory of the Czar.

“Oh ! my love, do not forestall me,
 For whatever may befall me
 I shall hear your sweet voice call me
 Through the intervening space:
 I shall feel your white arms clinging,
 And the tears, which now are springing,
 Are like priceless jewels flinging
 A new splendor on your face.

“Whatever fate may send me,
 Your sweet love its strength shall lend me,
 And Dame Fortune will befriend me
 Surely bringing safe return,
 And wheresoe’er I wander,
 Neither time nor change can sunder
 Those true ties which grow the fonder,
 While the lamp of life shall burn.

“Though I sail for seas uncharted,
 All the days that we are parted,
 (Like this one on which I started),
 ‘Neath these dreary Northern skies,
 Shall be hallowed days and tender
 With one blest thing to remember—

The nights lit by the splendor
Of the love light in your eyes."

* * * * *

With love's sad and strong persistence
And gentle, sweet insistence,
She gazed across the distance
From the Castle's rocky steep;
While beyond the sunset's gloaming
From the wild waves crested foaming
Came a weird uncanny moaning,
Like souls crying from the deep.

And the days passed slow and dreary,
And the months were long and weary,
And a year went by, un-cheery,
And no token nor a sign
Came by word, or ship, or letter,
To make the drear days better;
And love's changeful, fateful fetter
Had grown weak by lapse of time.

Then a Prince made sweet confession:
At her feet, with proud concession,
Laid his heart, and each possession
Of a noble, lordly race,
She her plighted troth forgetting,
Neither caring, nor regretting,
With a fickle nature letting
Him usurp another's place.

And the wedding night came lowering
With dismal, dark clouds glowering,
And rain and sleet downpouring,
And wild winds mountain born,
The sea, like one forsaking
A false love, was madly breaking,

And the Castle rudely shaking
In the tumult of the storm.

But within was light and splendor,
And brave men and maidens slender,
And sweet things to remember
For a happy, bridal time;
While outside, grim Death was stalking,
To the waves and mountains talking,
Toward the Castle swiftly walking
For two victims in their prime.

And he came a guest unbidden,
By pall and grave clothes hidden,
And his cold hands laid unhidden
On the shoulders of the bride;
"Lo! my love, long have I waited,
And I came at last belated;
By death we two are fated
To walk the darksome valley, side by side."

With his storm-torn brain benighted,
Past the gluddering guests affrighted,
Strode that form which once delighted
In manly, courteous grace,
For no cause stop't or staid he
Till he stood beside the Lady,—
Then in hollow accents said he:
"Now, I greet thee face to face!

"From this cold world's dreary prison,
By a purple dire baptism,
Shall our ransomed souls arisen
From their tenements of clay,
Find some place where is no sorrow,
And no parting on the morrow,
Where love cannot lend or borrow,
But keeps its own alway.

" And the promise you have spoken
 In the past shall not be broken;
 And I seal it with the token,—
 Sign it with this dagger thrust,
 We shall never more be parted,
 But forever single hearted
 The blood, this sharp knife started,
 Shall cement united dust."

Then the dagger pierced her bosom,
 And his own life's cord did loosen,
 And he fell beside his chosen
 On the polished cedar floor;
 While, without, the wild waves wailing,
 Were like mountain demons hailing
 To phantom vessels sailing
 Far beyond the rocky shore.

* * * * * * *

The slow, lapsing years are flitting
 Round the Castle, grimly sitting
 Like a yellow old crone knitting
 With the sombre yarn of fate,—
 All bereft of sons and daughters,
 Looking out across the waters
 Toward the far off land which wrought us
 Such a tale of love and hate.

But if any heart undaunted,
 By Castle's horror haunted,
 Dare to brave your walls enchanted
 At this murder's trysting time,
 Lo ! the Lady and her lover,
 Where the darkest shadows hover,
 Will their ghostly forms uncover
 Till the morning watches chime.

THE MESSENGER BIRD.

"TRUE HOPE IS SWIFT AND FLIES WITH SWALLOW'S WINGS."—SHAKESPEARE.

A happy bird with a heart of music
And tender hopes in his loving breast,
Came blithely singing o'er plain and mountain
From out of the Golden West.

His eager wings bore him strong and bravely
To a distant land so far away
That it seemed as if the world forever
Would gladden no more to his roundelay.

But straight and steady as flight of arrow,
With bright eyes fixed on the goal before,
He flew on his Heaven-inspired mission,—
This beautiful, bonnie troubadour.

He sang some songs on his lonely journey,
Which fell on listening ears below,
Like music from over the walls of Heaven,
Where the blessed angels walk to and fro.

He came to an island sad and lonely,
Like a ragged rock in a dismal sea;
And he found the end of his blissful mission
In a heart athirst for his melody.

He sang and sang till the gray mist falling
 Blossomed in flowers of rainbow hue.
As over the mountains the sun's bright lances
 Came piercing the sea fogs through and through :

Till the far North Land was all a-glitter
 With the glint of jewels and skies so blue.
That it seemed as if the Paradise gardens
 Had washed the world with their golden dew.

And the tired heart on the sea-girt island
 Beat strong again as the sweet bird's throat
Sang songs for him of a bright home somewhere
 Beyond the hills, in the land of hope.

Then the messenger bird, his mission ended,
 With peace and joy in his loving breast.
Spread his brave, strong wings to the winds of Heaven
 And flew away toward the Golden West.

HOO-CHI-NOO!^{1/2}

Once upon a midnight woeful, when I wandered homeward, so full
That I could not find the key-hole in the door of my domain.
Queerly feeling, almost reeling, suddenly there came a squealing,
On the solemn silence pealing, like a human soul in pain.

“‘Tis some little child,” I muttered, “crying ‘ma-ma,’ all in vain—
Only this with might and main.

But the weird, uncanny calling on the midnight watches falling,
Filled me, thrilled me, although surely I was very full before;
So, that now to still the beating of my heart, I kept repeating—
“‘Tis the ‘jim-jams’ surely creeping toward me, standing at the
door:

Barkeep, bring me one drink more!”

Presently my heart grew bolder, and I leaned upon my shoulder,
There against the battered doorway of my tumble-down abode.
“Child, or Cat, or Raven,” said I, “if you’ll stop that awful calling
I will drink O! nevermore! Truly I’d been home before
If I had not lost the road, carrying my liquid load—

‘Seat you demon, I’ll be blowed!’”

Ah! distinctly I am thinking it was then I gave up drinking.
For each separate drink I’d drunken threw its ghost upon the way.
Eagerly I tried to enter, but I could not find the center
Of the night-latch, and I waited for the coming of the day—
Waited in bewildered fashion for the rising sun to play—

Making all things bright and gay.

Suddenly with startling violence came a voice from out the silence,
 Crying, "Lo! thou carpet-bagger, I have caught thee all alone,
 And I bid thee now to hearken, while the midnight shadows darken,
 So I cannot see the fingers clasped upon my own thigh bone—
 List to that sepulchral moan!

"Sit thou miserable Yankee, do not stop to say, 'I thank ye,'
 Thy accursed race did purchase lands which I once called my own,
 And in aggravating manner hung aloft your gridiron banner,
 Chanting out a proud hossanna, when the Russian Bear had flown
 Over seas, back to his home!

"But my perturbed spirit staying, all except my bones decaying,
 Would not leave my New Archangel to the care of stranger hands,
 And each night I go a walking, crying sometimes, seldom talking,
 But with grim persistence stalking all about these Russian lands—
 Love has burst my coffin bands!

"Here I held supreme dominion, not a law to elip a pinion
 Of the wings on which I mounted to an autocratic sway;
 Here I held high court and wassail—every man and maid my vassal—
 In you stoutly builded Castle, ruled in an imperial way;
 When I came, I came to stay!

"But your cursed race of traders, worse than any armed invaders,
 Sung the syren's song of money to the mighty Russian Czar,
 And in some unguarded minutesomeone said, 'There's millions in it'—
 So he sold his people's birth-right—sadly dimmed their rising star
 As rust dims a Samovar!

"But, thou miserable drinker, stop and think—if you're a thinker—
 To this vow which here I utter in the solemn, ghastly dark,
 If your people do not sunder all their ties here, then by Thunder!
 I will haunt your visions nightly in this fashion grim and stark;
 This remember and then mark!

"So forewarned, you know the danger of your people, drunken
 stranger:

I am gentle in my habits though I may seem somewhat rough:
 All my fleshless bones will rattle if you do not take each chattel
 And forever get thee henceward. Stranger, I am Bar-e-nough†—
 Somewhat noted as a tough!"

Then upon the solemn silence he had broken with such violence,
 Fell a sudden hush, and nowhere from the mountains or the sea
 Came a single whisper, only one poor Raven, sad and lonely,
 Sitting on a hemlock tree, from the darkness cawed at me—
 "Can such things be?"

Came the gray dawn gently stealing, Edgecumbe's lofty top revealing,
 And the sun with silver arrows pierced night's mantle through and
 through.

While, by some strange necromancy, in my brain a subtle fancy,
 Born, perchance, of dawning reason—but most sadly out of season,
 Gently whispered, "Hoo-chi-noo!"

* Hoo-chi-noo is an intoxicating liquor distilled from molasses
 by the Alaskan natives.

† Baranoff was one of the early Governors of Alaska, stationed
 in Sitka. He was a stern and relentless despot, but was a most
 efficient Governor and the most able financial manager the Imperial
 Government of Russia ever had.

THE SHAMAN'S GRAVE.*

On a lone hill, close to the brine,
His war canoe beside,
A Shaman of the earlier time,—
Chief of the Sitka tribe—
Lies sleeping an eternal rest
That moss and vines entwine.

He was a chieftain in the days
Before the white men came,
And foremost in those awful ways
Which lit the torture flame;
Raising his murderous hands in praise
Of blood and human pain.

Mercy ne'er touched his heart of steel,
Nor woe, nor woman's wail;
Nor plaint of children made him feel
Beneath his hardened mail.
The things which make our senses reel
Were crushed beneath his flail.

He died as he had lived, and they
Who answered to his call,
All reverently his grim form lay
Where shadows, weird and tall,
Fall from the mountains on the Bay
Like grim Death's mighty pall.

The years have passed; the moss has grown
 About his resting place;
 The Chieftain's glory, too, has flown,
 And none recall his face,
 And few are left of those who mourn
 For his departed race.

And now when Summer days are long,
 Or in the twilight dim,
 Is heard some sweet and tender song,
 Some bright and joyous hymn,
 Sung for a victory over wrong,—
 Christ's triumph over sin;

It seems as if the rocky hills
 Answered the glad refrain
 With blithesome melody, which thrills
 Across the tossing main;
 A requiem for those savage ills
 Which none may know again.

O! banner of the Holy Cross,
 Set here beside the sea,
 Upheld by those who count not loss,
 So it be loss for Thee;
 When wild waves blow and tempests toss,
 Our shelter must Thou be!

O! Cross of Christ, to which we cling
 Among the Heathen band,
 The flowers of hope and faith we bring
 Make all men understand,
 And from Thine own unfailing spring
 Water the thirsty land.

* The word Shaman is of Persian or Hindoo origin. A Shaman is a Doctor or Medicine-man who occupies a high place among his people.

A SIWASH IDYL.

T'was many and many a year ago,
On an Isle in the Northern Sea
Where they feed on herring and salmon roe,
That I was a Siwash maiden's beau,—
She loved and was loved by me.
The name of this maid was Anna Hootz;
She wore a blanket and high gum boots.

We lived serene in the Native Ranche
And had twenty dogs or more,
And an old canoe, close by, to launch,
Which was filled with many an olive branch
When we sailed from the perfumed shore.
They were all bow legged, with blended eyes,
And of different colors, like diamond dyes.

The sun came up and the sun went down
A very great number of times,
And shadows grew long on the mountains brown,
And the Russian bells rang Christmas chimes,
And foolish poets wrote rambling rhymes
For a print in the white man's town.
But my Siwash maiden was true to me
In our odorous home by the sounding sea.

But a change came over my wild rose when
A Celestial, named Ah Jim,
Who worked as a cook for pale-faced men,
Led her heart astray, toward him.

Ah ! then my trouble it did begin,—
 For he carried away my Anna Hootz,—
 But he left the blanket and high gum boots.

And the scent of the salmon lingers yet
 In the place where she used to be,
 And while life lasts I shall never forget
 How sweet its perfume to me.
 And the blear-eyed children upon her knee,
 With legs adapted for crooked boots,—
 The patentee's sign of Anna Hootz.

And now I sit by the smoky fire
 Through the day and the twilights dim,
 Cherishing only a wild desire
 To build an elaborate funeral pyre
 And to get one chance at Jim;
 To mangle and tear him limb from limb
 And boil him well in a copper pot
 In a place where Anna Hootz is not.

I have boiled the blanket and gummy boots,
 And seasoned them with a tear,
 I have formed a liking for human soups
 As a dish both rare and queer.
 And now when the nights are dark and drear
 I sit and mourn in sepulchral tones
 For a chance to pick Celestial bones,
 One boon I crave, the chance to squeeze
 Nutritious revenge from a fat Chinese.

Oh ! if I were only a Captain bold
 Or an Officer of Marines,
 Ah Jim would never grow very old
 Nor be troubled by Chinese dreams
 In these violet-scented scenes.
 I would bury him with the other brutes,
 In memento mori of Anna Hootz.

TO THE UNKNOWN SAILORS, DEAD,

MURDERED BY THE NATIVES, AND BURIED NEAR THE MOUTH
OF INDIAN RIVER, SITKA, ALASKA.

Near where the Indian River meets the sea
And kisses with sweet lips its bitter foam,
And where the grand majestic melody
Of winds and waves make a perpetual moan;

Where gray moss clings, like beards of ancient men,
On great trees standing at the mountain's feet,
And ferns and vines run riot in the glen,
And wild birds whisper love songs, low and sweet;

Here in the elder time, some sailors bold
Made landing from a war-ship in the Bay,
Coming for water only,—not for gold,—
And full of life and hope that summer day.

Found grim Death waiting for them in the wood,
And heard a savage cry of murderous wrath;
The tangled thickets saw their warm life blood
Which crimsoned all the verdurous woodland path.

Staid, staid forever were sea weary feet;
No more for them sweet thoughts of love and home,
And tender memories, which make living sweet,
All vanished like the wind-blown, sea-tossed foam.

Their shipmates buried them near where they fell.

And a rude structure built by alien hands,
Beyond the limit of the ocean swell,
Told of the unknown dead from far off lands.

Since then the mountain dew, and summer rain,
And winter snow, have fallen many a day
Upon this simple, rude memorial fane,
Until at last it sinks into decay.

And naught is left save some poor relics east
By whistling winds upon the forest trail.
Recalling legends of that cruel past
Which chill our blood and turn our faces pale.

But somewhere, somewhere, in a far off place
A heart beats sadly when fond memory wakes,
And dim eyes long for a remembered face
When twilight falls, or the fair morning breaks;

Longs with unutterable and unvoiced woe
For a home-coming to be nevermore.
And fancy hears when Northern breezes blow
Faint whispered words from this far Northern shore.

“Ah ! Nevermore !” the sea birds restless cry,
Old Ocean’s weird and ceaseless monotone,
The song of mountain winds their lullaby;
They sleep forever, far from friends and home.

And I who heard their hapless story told,
While wandering through the sylvan solitude,
Feeling some flowers of sympathy unfold,
Would lay them on their graves,—however rude.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

THE QUESTION.

SHE.

When the roses of youth have faded
And the flowers of life are complete,
Can you gather the petals which follow
The trail of some fair girl's feet?

Can you blot out the picture forever
Which memory paints on your skies,
With tints blended out of life's morning
Toned down with its sunset dyes?

Can your heart cease pulsing the music,
Or the words of that unknown tongue,
Which the ripe red lips of a syren
Sang sweet when the day was young?

Can you stand at life's western casement
And watch the shadows grow,
Without seeing arise from cloudland
Some vision of long ago?

THE ANSWER.

HE.

Oh ! yes, my bonnie bright darling,
You gathered life's rose complete,
And the wayward petals a carpet were

For the tread of your fair young feet.

All pictures before I knew you
Hang with faces against the wall,
Behind one immortal canvas,
On which you are all in all.

And my heart beats fast to music
With words which are always new,
Its chords making quick responses—
For the burden they bear is you.

As I stand at life's western casement
And watch youth's sun decline,
I see in the misty cloudland, Love,
One face,—but the face is thine.



THE RESCUE OF THE CASTAWAYS.

A rocky Island in the Northern Sea,
Where wild birds rest secure after long flights,
And where the thundering anthem of the deep
Its mighty monotone rings through the days and nights;—

A narrow strip of yellow shell-strewn sand,
On which the wild waves break with ceaseless moan,
As if they came to search the barren land,
And grieved because they found it bleak and lone.

Upon a rocky point dipped in the brine,
Like a brown finger pointing toward the west,
What men are these who, in this chilling clime,
Have on the rocks, like sea-birds, built their nest?

Day after day they watch the distant rim
And purple haze of the horizon line,
Waiting and watching, with sad eyes and dim,
To see some sail glide up the world's incline.

Day after day,—and through the dismal dark,—
They wait and watch and murmur in their sleep,
And pray and weep, where there are none to mark
Save Him who holds the hollows of the deep.

No rescue comes, and hope grows sick and faint;
They wonder if the world they left is dead,
While from their quivering lips comes no complaint;
Dull-eyed despair enthroned—all else has fled.

And slowly, surely, like a creeping fate,
 With brains and bodies burdened overmost,
 They see grim Death approach,—a phantom late.—
 As if he, too, was lost on that rude coast.

* * * * *

But at the last, across the silver sheen,
 Which like a curtain o'er the distance falls,
 They see a vision like a miraged dream
 Outlined against the heavenly-tinted walls,—

One little sail ! fanned by bright angels' wings,
 And wafting toward them hope, and love, and light,
 Comes flying where the golden sunshine flings
 A pathway like a meteor seen at night.

And succor comes, and brown hands brave and strong
 Are clasped upon that island's gloomy strand;
 And from all hearts wells up a grateful song;
 And rippling waves laugh as they kiss the sand.

And cheerily upon her homeward way,
 Past verduous islands and the mountains brown,
 The little craft flies fast to the fair bay
 Whose waters kiss the feet of Sitka Town:

Above the green dome of the Russian Church
 They catch the shining of the holy cross.
 The lost are found; and Heaven upon our search
 Has smiled approval,—bringing gain from loss.

For, we whom sympathy has made one kin
 In this sweet act of charity well done,
 Will find our surest recompense within
 Our hearts:—for God will bless us every one.

OFF-TIMES.

Off-times I long to see the old time faces
And clasp again the warm and steadfast hands
In those fair happy memory haunted places
Beyond the mountains, in the Eastern lands.

Oh! I would fain whip time to faster speeding
And end my vigils on this lonely shore;
I count the days, the months, the years receding,
Until at last I press them to my heart once more.

Ah! then these sombre skies will fade forever;
The days which wove the grey mists in my hair
Will come no more to mark the wrinkle's gather,—
Sorrow's sign manual on the brow of care.

And I will tell sad tales and mirthful stories
Of my queer living by the Northern Seas.
And of an earnest life whose morning glories
Refused to blossom under skies like these.

Born for the sunshine, life is not worth living
Here where its fading petals sadly fall,
Like some sweet flower to desolation giving
Its perfume with the shadows over all.

My dearly loved! God's benison be with you,
Keeping for me warm places near your hearths.
And every blessing which the world can give you
Walk hand in hand through all your household paths.

Safe in my heart are stored the priceless treasures
Of love, and faith, and loyalty, and truth;
And howsoe'er the rude world pours its measures
I keep secure these standards of my youth.

And if by any chance my life be ended
By these rude waters, in its autumn time,
You will recall how all its woof was blended
With threads of gold spun in its summer time.

And if I come not back no more forever
You will clasp tender hands and gently say:
"He was our friend; nor time, nor death can sever
The love returned, which followed him away."

CHRISTMAS EVE.—SITKA, ALASKA, 1890.

The shadows on Alaskan hills
Have lengthened, day by day;
The music of the mountain rills,
Like dreams, have passed away;
And lonely silence everywhere
Falls on the mountains, like a prayer.

Far off upon the Western Sea
White hands seem beckoning in the foam,
And wild waves toss tumultuously,
Like helpless souls which long for home;
The mighty levels of the deep
Are crooning songs for those who sleep.

Beyond Mount Edgecumbe's crested top
And wind-blown turban of the snow,
The lantern stars have made full stop,
As if the Angels searched below
For some poor lost and wandering sheep,
Adrift and lonely on the deep.

And lo ! upon the robe of night,
Which wraps the sun from eyes of men,
There shines a soft and steady light
Like that which shone o'er Bethlehem,
As if somehow the breaking day
Reflected on the Milky Way.

The world may turn a deafened ear
To the sweet tale of long ago;
But good deeds born of Christmas cheer
Ride on Time's sickle to and fro;
And Hope and Faith are leal, as when
The star sang "Peace, good will to men!"

And here, beside the Northern Sea,
A lonely land of storm and wraith,
Are those who treasure Gallilee
And keep secure the Christian faith,
Holding supreme the story old
Amid Alaska's hills of gold.

And though the shadows early fall
And dusky twilight comes apace,
They catch, above the sombre pall,
The glory of the Saviour's face;
And see, beyond each mountain range,
A land which knows not time nor change.

“TAPS.” *

O! Bugle ringing through the solemn silence
And all the dusky shadows of the night,
Like some lost bird in tender accents calling,
With fear, and hope, and tremulous delight.

The shaggy mountains from snow-crested summits
Fling back the echoes of thy silver tone;
The solemn sea, its cadenced voice uplifting,—
Like wailing spirits wandering far from home,—

All blend with thee to make the sad nights lonely,
With memories of some old time past delight
When lips we loved in gentle accents murmured
In other lands a glad and sweet goodnight.

Serene and clear above the quaint old village,
You mark the dying of the passing day,
Like tuneful-throated Nightingale, lone singing
In some sad scene of ruin and decay.

And fancy wakens with the music dying
In farther distance out beyond the foam
Where sea-gulls dip their white wings in the waters,
As if they, too, sought rest, and peace, and home.

O! dearly loved, who fondly wait our coming
To bid us welcome with true hearts and hands.

Will not the bugle blow a message to you
From these far Northern desolated lands ?

We catch some tender scenes as in a vision,—
Some pictures tinted with dear past delights—
And with the echoing bugle strains we waft you
The sweetest, brightest, tenderest of good nights.

* A term applied to three taps on the drum, or sounding of the bugle, at 9:15 nightly, at military quarters, signifying that lights must be extinguished.

BY THE PRESBYTERIAN MISSION GATE.

Outlined against the blue unfathomed distance,
With feet dipped in the brine,
The mountains kneel with steadfast, calm persistence
Before God's altar shrine.

The murmuring waters from the Western Ocean
Laugh low, and lay white lips upon the shore;
The sea's broad bosom heaves with wrapt emotion,
As if it, too, would worship evermore.

And soft and clear from the gray village ringing
Is borne the sound of church bells rung in chime,
And, mellowed by the distance, natives singing
Of peace and love in God's appointed time.

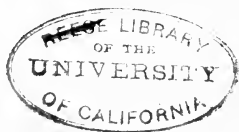
While towering high in the ethereal azure,
Where wild winds whistle and the snow wreaths toss,
One lonely crest beyond man's foot or measure
Bears on its storm-scarred front, the Holy Cross.

As if in some far time beyond our vision,
God's finger pointing from the mansions blest;
Or angels guided from the land Elysian
Traced His sign manual on the mountain's breast:

O sea and mount and softly lapsing waters;
 O snowy cross high on the mountain breast;
O native born, ye dusky sons and daughters;
 O gray sea rolling toward the boundless west.

O music falling with so soft a cadence,
 It seems as if the days were very nigh
When in my mother's eyes I saw love's radiance
 And heard her dear lips sing a lullaby.

This day ye all have taught a lesson holy
 To a poor wanderer waiting for a time
Beside the sea, who with a spirit lowly
 Lays these rude verses humbly at your shrine.



TWILIGHT.

Silent and lonely the islands lie
Asleep on the sad sea's breast;
The winds are singing a lullaby
From out of the Golden West:
And a single star hangs low in the sky,
Like a gem on a purple vest.

The sun is hiding itself away
In the overspreading sea;
The tremulous light of the dying day
Makes a silver bridge for me,
On which the feet of the Angels may
Lead on where my dear ones be.

O! loved and lost! do you waiting stand
On the shores of the other side?
Do I catch a glimpse of a beckoning hand
Outstretched o'er the waters wide?
Can I hear a voice from the far off land
Call over the tossing tide?

True tender hearts! when my day is done
And the labor of life is o'er,
Where shall I stand at set of sun.—
Which side of the golden door?
Will my feet on the silver bridges run
Where the light fades nevermore?

When I leave the islands of hope behind,
And my soul from its anchor slips,
What haven of peace will its helmsman find,
And a welcome from whose lips ?
Will voices hail in accents kind
From the decks of familiar ships ?

Or silent and sad in the lonely dark,
Shall I watch the shadows grow,
With only memory to mark
How the sands in the glass run low ?
With the sails all furled on my drifting bark,
As the wild winds fiercely blow ?

Far out at sea in the violet haze
Of the misty horizon's rim,
I see the dawn of happier days
Illumine the twilight dim,
And the star of hope is all ablaze
With the promises made by Him.

With the dying day the soft winds blow
Sweet words from the Golden West;
"Come unto me, my child, and lo!
Your tired soul shall rest !"
And I stand and wait for my ship to go
When the Master makes request.

A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

Some day in the great city's crowded streets
Amid the glittering splendor, and the glare
Of the great human tide which onward sweeps,
Stranding so many lives among the breakers there,
Where hearts beat wildly in the maddening race
And feverish feet tread fast the dusty ways,
Where rest is banished, and no peaceful place
Is there for quiet nights or dreamful days,
Full oft I know that I shall longing stand
And vainly hope that there will come to me,
Borne by the winds across the level land,
Some far blown breath from off the Northern Sea;
And I shall turn sad eyes to where the clouds
Hang low like curtains drawn athwart the skies,
And ghosts of memories rising in their shrouds
Will bring me back to where old Sitka lies,—
Framed by the mountains and the crooning deep,
Where toil is not and life seems at full stop;
While in the sky the Angels seem to keep
Perpetual vigil on each mountain top

Can I forget the days which I have known
By rippling rivers and the rugged shore?
The voices of the sea; its sad low moan;
Will they come back to me Oh ! nevermore?
Shall I not feel my quickening pulses beat
To the wild rhythm of the boiling surge?
Shall I not climb again with vigorous feet
The stately mountains to their top-most verge?

Shall I not see Mount Edgecumbe's summit rise
 White as the bosom of some beauteous girl,
 Its graceful form outlined against the skies,
 While round its feet the tireless waters whirl ?
 Ah me! full well I know sweet flowers bloom
 In city gardens: hot-house plants and rare;
 But I shall miss the perfect days in June
 With ocean's crisp aroma in the air;
 The nameless witcheries, with which Nature makes
 Her worshippers so loyal to her shrine
 By sea and shore and lonely mountain lakes,
 And in the woods primeval, all are thine.

ASHLEIGH BELLE TURNER.

BORN AT SITKA, ALASKA, FEBRUARY 16, 1889.

A little ship from an unknown land,
 Full freighted with hopes, and joys, and fears,
 And held in the hollow of God's right hand,
 Sails in with a welcome of smiles and tears.

Rocked in the cradle of loving arms;
 Un-registered on the world's wide page;
 Serene and safe from all rude alarms,
 With her mother's knee for an anchorage.

Never a gale from the wind-swept sea
 Whistles in wrath o'er the baby ships,
 And barometer-like, what storms there be,
 Are guaged by the quiver of rosebud lips.

Long, long, may she sail through love-lit days,
 With her fair flag never by sorrow furled !
 And her paths be pleasant, o'er flower-strewn ways
 To the golden gates of the unknown world !

ALASKA'S MOUNTAINS.

What mighty marshaled hosts are these,
In icy armor mailed,
With feet dipped in the Northern Seas
And snow white garments trailed,
From stalwart shoulders broad outlined
Against the Western sky
And crested brows clearly defined,
The wild winds to defy?

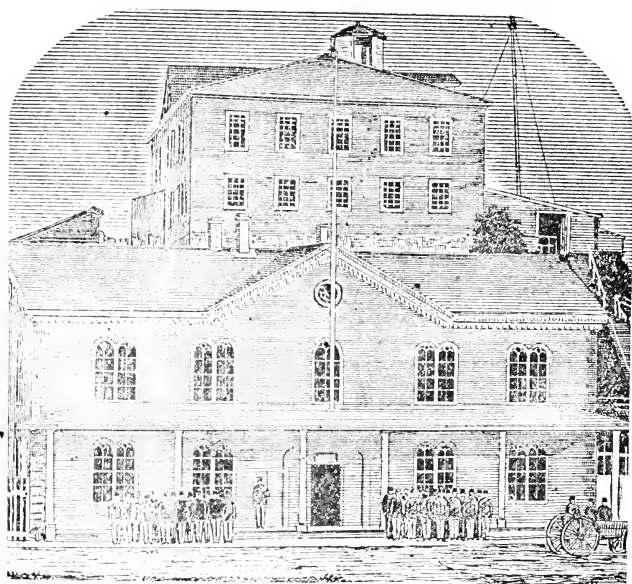
This is the guard the Lord hath set
To watch the wold and fell,
On each one placed His coronet—
A chosen sentinel.
Here on the outposts of the world
Grand, silent, and serene,
With only Nature's flag unfurled,
They dominate the scene.

What time the pigmy hosts of men
Shall scale each rugged side,
And people every lonely glen
And cling with foolish pride,
Saying: "These are the heights we won
By toil and danger past,
And all our work has been well done
And the last barrier past?"

But ever toward the ice bound pole
God's army rank on rank,
Responsive to His muster roll
The sea on either flank,
Arise and stretching far away
Beyond the horizon's rim,
Stand guardians of the realms of day,
Loyal and true to Him.

And so however men may strive
And toil for fame and gold,
The doings of the human hive
Are as a story told.
And as time flies with lapsing years,
Obedient to God's call,
Unheeding all our smiles and tears
Rise up the mountains tall.





CUSTOM HOUSE AND CASTLE, SITKA, 1880.



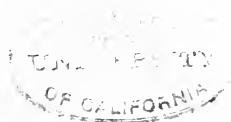


POEMS BY

Hon. John S. Rugbee.







ALASKAN PERPLEXITIES.

Fort Wrangell sounds quite fair enough,
So does the Isle of Baranoff,
Though Loring's tame, it still is new,
But, Phœbus! think of Killisnoo!

What poet can indite sweet lays
Or singer sing aright in praise
Of Knik, so fair, Kowak serene,
The rapid Skoot, or slack Stikine?

When some day railroad trains arrive,
Can female tourist's brain survive
The shock when brakemen startl' her out
With their New Metlakahtla shout?

The angry mail clerk oft will scoff
At letters for Partovschikoff;
Poghibshi, Anvik, Yakutat—
He'll throw his whole mail packet at.

If salmon canners that now can
In Lynn Canal—not at Howkan—
Should change about, how will he look
Who dares ill luck at Iliuliuk?

Does one of our blue-coats know who
The battle won at Kootzuahoo?
Won't lawyers put their suitors off
Who cases bring from Kutusoff?

Chilcat—Chilcoot—both thrill me through
Like icy blasts from chill Tahkou.
Nor does the name of Shumagin
Bring back the summer's bloom again.

I like the smoother, glassier play
Of words pronounced like Glacier Bay
Or Peril Straits or Seymour Sound:—
Alaskan names do me confound.

CHINOOK AND CHINEE.

AN ALASKAN IDYLL.

China Washerman Ling, when his day's work was done,
Took a very big drink of the vilest Sam Shu;
And he said to himself, "My hab belly good fun
If my takee a sail in Siwashee canoe."
(This "Sam Shu" is a liquor that Chinamen brew,
And "Siwash" is Chinook for an Indian, too).

Ket-le-kat, a lone fisherman, sat on a rock
Just beside his canoe drawn up high on the shore.
He'd unloaded his fish but had laid in a stock
Of the worst Hoo-chi-noo that a still ever bore.
("Hoo-chi-noo" is Alaskan raw rum; and what's more
It can knock out "Sam Shu" by a very long score).

Then Ling tied up his cue and he filled up his flask,
And meandered the beach on the Indian side
When he saw Ket-le-kat and proceeded to ask—
"For my tee dolla hap, say how muchee can ride?"
(That is: three silver dollars and four bits beside;
Which would pay for a pretty long float on the tide).

"Nika hy-as sick tum-tum," Ket slowly replied,
"Nika mamook row skookum for muck-a-muck chuck,
Spouse you make nika potlatch kloon dolla beside."
(What he meant was: his heart with great sorrow was struck,
But he'd paddle the Chinaman round like a duck
For a three-dollar gift and a drink for good luck).

“Ah! my sabe,” said Ling, “it’s all litee, my flend.

But my likee to mixee li’l bit of your dlink.”

(For he thought the two liquors would make a fine blend.)

“Nika eumtux,” said Ket, without stopping to think,
(Meaning he would agree, without paper or ink.)

And they shoved the canoe off as quick as a wink.

So they paddled and sailed till far out on the bay.

Each one drank a big drink of his favorite “booze.”

And they touched their cups, too, in the civilized way

With the compliments high-toned Americans use.

(Such as: “Since you invite me I cannot refuse;”

“Here’s the hair off your head!” and “Here’s death to the
blues!”)

Then they blended Sam Shu and the Hoo-chi-noo, too;—

But, alas! in a second—’twas fearful to see—

Shot a huge sheet of flame from that fated canoe

With a sudden, sharp sound,—and nowhere on the sea

Was a trace to be found of that terrible spree

In the Siwash canoe of Chinook and Chinee.



THE SITKAN CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

WITH INTERPOLATIONS BY THE POET'S YOUNGEST.

Above Verstovia's sides, robed thick with fur,
 Like sides of furnished beasts that thread its trails
 In search of food, yet feared to prowl afar,
 The chill, chaste arrow-head uprears its form.

(The old man's dead to wrong;—the fur he thinks he sees
 On Mount Verstovia's sides ain't nothing but fir trees).

Midst snowy peaks the Mount of Holy Cross
 Bears on its breast its emblem deeply scarred,
 Uncovered still, and clear, as if the storms
 Had stayed their wrath in thought of times like these.

(Of snow on mountain peaks it ain't no use to boast
 When here in town there ain't enough to make a coast).

Lo! as the tide its affluent flood uprolls,
 Around the point the curling smoke appears,
 And swiftly shoreward steams the longed-for mail,
 Deep down with gifts and written words of love.

(You can't rely on those old steamers from the States;
 I'll bet two-bits they'll never bring my pair of skates).

Here stands athwart the road, with bulging dome
 The cruciform, old Graeco-Russian Church,
 Whose chimes, from brazen, rich engraven bells
 Call forth its people to their prayer and praise.

(That kind of congregation may be very fine,—
 But I don't want to take no Siwash mixed in mine).

The bustling housewife spreads her morning toil,
 The browning gobbler basting, as she sings,
 The while her girls the snowy cloth outspread
 And glasses place to hold the cheering wine.
 (Pop knows he went 'round kicking like a Texas steer
 Because there wa'nt no turkey nor no wine last year).

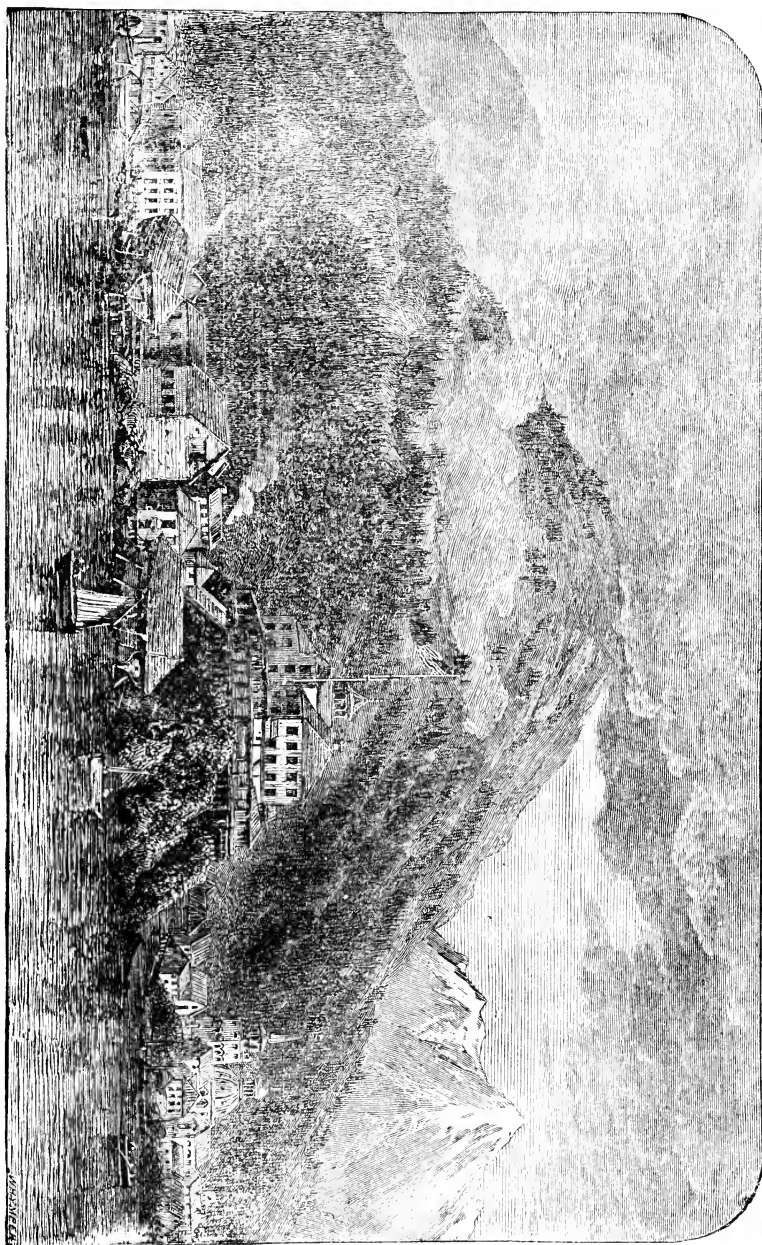
The short day over comes the setting sun,
 And lamps are lit, and fires are all aglow,
 Around the Christmas tree the children join
 With eager longing for expected gifts.
 (These Sitka Christmasses don't last but half a day;
 What time, I'd like to know, 's a fellow got to play?)

Then carol boys, with tuneful voices blest,
 Bear forth six-pointed stars atwirled on flashing wheels,
 And sing from house to house the olden prayer
 That unto all may come good will and peace.
 (I think I'll go out with a chap I know, what hollers;
 Last year the Peterhoffsky boys took in two dollars).

The midnight bell rings out in peaceful notes;
 The pleasure wearied groups retire to rest;
 And from the sky descend the gentle showers,
 A benison to those whom Nature loves.
 (I don't go much on that word pop calls "benison":
 It's like what I've had far too much of—which is venison.
 And as for gentle showers in Sitka, when begun
 They don't let up for long, so's we can see the sun).



BARANOFF CASTLE IN EARLY DAYS.







The Legend of the Isle.

WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR THIS WORK

—BY—

Hon. Orville T. Porter.





THE LEGEND OF THE ISLE.

Did you ever stand on the sea-beat strand
Where the broad Pacific rests,
In the sombre gleam of the sun's last beam
As he sinks into the west ?

And catch the blaze of its fading rays
Reflecting earth and sky,
While its golden tints the sea imprints
In misty purpling dyes.

The placid lave of the restless waves
Came murmuring at your feet;
On their crests they bore as they came ashore
Legends of visions fleet.

The sea bird's scream disturbed your dream
As these visions in bright array,
Your fancy held with a magic spell
On the eve of that lovely day.

You traced with care in language rare
That mirrored in features bold,
Of a rocky crest on the ocean's breast
Its mysteries untold.

In the coral caves the babbling waves
Revel in legends old,
With a pearly shell from a fairy dell
You traced in lines so bold—

On the glistening sand of that sea-beat strand
What the waves in their mirth revealed,
You penciled there with thought and care
And a key to the visions sealed.

But the sprites they vied with the rising tide
And a record of these legends bore,
From the sand and waves of the coral caves
In triumph to the shore.

The nymphs they sang and the echoes rang
Far over the listless deep,
Where the mermaids play in the silvery spray
And their nightly vigils keep.

The Naiad Queen in her boat was seen
As she neared the sea-beat strand;
“Come go awhile to a fairy Isle!”
And she held out her soft white hand.

You step afloat of that tiny boat
As its prow recedes from shore,
And the wavelets leap as it cleaves the deep
Propelled by a golden oar.

On on you glide o’er the silent tide
Far over the waters blue,
A headland height bursts on the sight
As the Isle appears in view.

That Isle so fair lies sleeping there
Kissed by the pale moonlight,
Its sloping glades flash emerald shades
To crown the brow of night.

The breezes sigh through the balmy sky
And come at the midnight hours;
On their wings they bear from that Isle so fair
The odor of a thousand flowers.

The Northern lights flash lines of white
And in changing beauties glow,
Like a mirage fair on the desert air
The shadows come and go.

The mountains stand so lofty grand,
Their snowy peaks so white,
On their rocky crests the sun's rays rest
Far into the coming night.

The musty tomes of the fabled gnomes
Tell of an unknown land,
Far far at rest on the ocean's breast
With its wealth of golden sand;

Of its rock-girt shore where evermore
The waves in their fury beat;
Where the storm kings lie; the sea birds fly
On rapid pinions fleet;

Of its groves and dells where the Genii dwells,
Famed in days of yore;
The Alchemist bold turned the rocks to gold
In caves on that unknown shore;

Of a castle grand in that far off land
Full of mysterious things,
Handed down from crown to crown
And sealed with the blood of kings;

Of its ferns and fells and mossy dells,
Its frescoed grottoes quaint,
Where fairies pray at close of day
In memory of their Saint;

Of its precious gems and diadems;
 Its fountains ages old,
Where those who lave in its waters bathe
 Never again grow old.

As the legends run the philosopher's stone
 Lies buried in its golden sands;
O'er its place of rest is a cross and crest
 Begirt with diamond bands.

Fountains fair fill the balmy air,
 Distilling dew on the trees and flowers,
With depths as cool as Bethesda's pool
 When stirred at the midnight hours.

The sprites and elves on the sea beach shelves,
 Like maidens of a gala day,
Are seen at a glance in the mystic dance,
 While the moonbeams round them play.

The Naiad Queen these elves has seen,
 And she ships her golden oar,
While to soft low notes the music floats
 That wafts you to the shore.

You've gained the strand of that unknown land
 And lightly step ashore;
That queenly guide on the silvery tide
 Will return when your work is o'er.

In love, I ween, with the Naiad Queen,
 You clasp her jeweled hand;
With heart beat true you say, "Adieu!
 Come back at my command!

"When south winds blow and the crusted snow
 Pales from Heta's side,
Return once more to this unknown shore
 And thou shalt be my bride."

A sudden flush, a beauteous blush—
 “Signor, I obey”—
O’erspread her face with modest grace
 As she slowly sailed away.

Did you ever stand on the golden strand
 Of a lovely unknown Isle,
In the dancing gleam of the sun’s first beam
 The pleasant hours to beguile?

The bright blue sea was the mystic key
 That unlocked so fair a shore;
Your pulses thrill with a happy will
 Its mysteries to explore.

You feel a pride as you onward stride
 Along that pebbly strand,
That fate at last your lot had cast
 In such a wonder land.

You wander on through a maze of flowers
 Through vernal glades and fairy bowers,
Until you reach an upland lawn
 Kissed by the dews of early dawn.

Reclining there on a mossy seat
 Where creeping tendrils entwine the feet,
Your vision gladdened by a mystic spell,
 Seeks out each grove, each glen, each dell.

The eyes then bent on the Isle’s extent,
 As it sweeps the horizon round;
In dim perspective on your right
 Is the shadow of a lofty mound.

Your course you guide for its sloping side
 And soon begin the ascent;
Up up you go, while far below
 Lie plain and valley blent.

At last you stand on a broad and grand
 Plateau on the mountain's crest:
 The beautiful scene that greets the sight
 Ne'er was seen by brave or gallant knight
 In the days of chivalry.

Ye Gods! what artist's patron saint
 Could with passion's pencil paint
 The landscape that before you lies?
 While slope on slope so gradual rise
 In Nature's vernal fringes dressed,
 As if the clouds, their presence pressed
 A faint outline against the sky,
 Grow dim, still dimmer a sombre gray,
 Then vanish finally away.

The eye commands the world below
 Where fleecy cloudlets come and go,
 Which hovering round some lofty peak,
 Its majesty erstwhile bespeak.
 Then ranging onward in its flight,
 Where tinted rays in lines of light
 Fleck the distant mountains bold
 In wavy lines of burnished gold:
 See on yon clouds, so wondrous fair,
 A silent city painted there;
 In retrospection's happy trance
 Thought follows thought; glance follows glance,
 As if the scene the eye could quell
 In imagination's dreamy spell;—
 As if the mind a conquest claim
 And revel in a deathless fame.

On that plateau bold is a castle old;
 Its domes and spires are tipped with gold;
 In regal grandeur and lofty pride
 It commands that Isle from side to side.
 What terraced arches! What rare design!

It once was the home of a kingly line;
 Its massive embattlements seem to frown—
 As you approach the draw the port-cullis is down;
 You leap the moat and scale the wall
 And stand in the court of the castle hall.

No warrior grim or belted knight
 Is there to challenge or dispute your right;
 They are gone, you say, to a dismal fate,
 And those hollow arches reverberate,
 While echoed back through those aisles so drear,
 "They're gone!" "They're gone!" falls on the ear.
 You listen now with bated breath
 But those fretted vaults are as still as death.

You wander on through that palace maze,
 Entranced your thoughts and fixed your gaze;
 The hidden mysteries within those halls
 Reveal themselves on the frescoed walls;
 Paintings wrought by master hands,
 Inlaid in pearl with widening bands;
 Everlasting flowers in wreathed festoons
 Welcome you in those grand saloons.

As you pass along through those mystic halls,
 Panel doors in the solid walls
 Attract your gaze, your mind excite,
 And close inspection at once invite.
 You long to know what those rooms conceal,
 And further mysteries reveal;
 You try to enter, but alas! are shocked,
 Your effort's vain,—they all are locked.
 Baffled, amazed and sore depressed,
 You sink upon the floor to rest,
 When the God of Morpheus his vigils keeps
 And wraps you close in slumbers deep.
 Of a golden key you dream,—aye dream,—

While clasped in slumber's fitful gleam,
 That the key is hid in a chalice bright
 Behind the portrait of a kingly knight,
 Whose picture hangs on the frescoed walls
 On the upper floor of those grand old halls.

You wander round first here and there;
 At last you come to a spiral stair;
 Fleet as the wind with a sudden bound
 Your feet press the floor of that hall profound.
 Yes! there hangs the portrait of a kingly knight
 Descried through the glamour of the waning light;
 On the wall it hangs in a golden frame,
 Two jeweled swords crossed o'er the same.
 You approach the picture with softened pace,
 For there's a solemn look on that handsome face;
 In those stern gray eyes there's a dangerous stare;
 Those haughty lips seem to say "Beware!"
 Trembling with awe, in your mind the thought's rife,
 If this panoplied warrior should come back to life,
 Your life would pay forfeit; then this mystical lore
 Lie entombed in oblivion from the world evermore.
 But what can you do? To retreat were disgrace;
 You must brave the displeasure on that stern warlike face;
 So near to the goal with ambition, a name
 Inscribed on the scroll with the bright deeds of fame.

You find by inspection a niche in the wall;
 Raising yourself lightly for fear of a fall,
 Place your hand in the chalice the key to obtain,
 Resolving your efforts shall not be in vain.
 With high bounding pulse just ripe for the fray
 You speed ah! so swiftly down the spiral stairway,
 Cross stealthily the hall, thrust the key in the door
 And stand in the midst of the mysteries of yore.

Then I paused and looked round,—
 What a sight to behold,—

The pannels and mouldings were all inlaid with gold;
 The ceiling high-arched, and the grand lofty dome
 Outrivalled in splendor the proud spires of Rome;
 The floor of white marble was as pure as the snow
 That crowned Mt. Olympus ages ago;
 Through the many stained windows the sun shed a glow
 Of soft mellow radiance on objects below,
 Flushing their forms in a lustre as bright
 As the soft milky way on a clear cloudless night.
 Rapturously I gazed on this kaleidoscope scene,
 Fearing to move lest it turn to a dream;
 But nature o'erwrought, at last snapped the chain,
 And brought me once more to my senses again.

On the wall there hangs in an oval frame
 A gem of art, it has no name;
 O'er the cheeks there's a flush; in the eyes a light;
 And the lips are parted like a rosebud bright.
 As in reverie you stand and the picture view,
 The lovely vision seems to smile on you.
 With a low drawn sigh—a sense of pain—
 You pass her by, but return again,
 And feast your eyes on that face once more—
 The lady of the castle on the unknown shore.

Near this lovely vision in the mellow light
 Hangs the gilded portrait of a haughty knight;
 Blue eyes and brown hair, right noble in mein,
 This bold cavalier is her lover I ween.
 Scotland can boast of a brave, handsome clan,
 But eyes never rested on a handsomer man
 Than this brave bold knight of the days of yore—
 King of a castle on an unknown shore.
 I think they were lovers from the flush on her face,
 And the bold lofty bearing that lent him its grace.
 Then their eyes told a tale so hard to conceal,
 Which lovers in love are so apt to reveal.
 Be that as it may I gazed with a frown

On this proud handsome knight of unknown renown,
And a pang touched my heart I could not forbear,
As I smiled on that lady so wondrously fair.

On the quaint weird walls of that room so old
Were many portraits of warriors bold:
Loyal retainers of a king and queen;
Mailed knights of renown in their armor's sheen;
The stern looks on their faces so brave and so real
Told the tale of their prowess mid clashing of steel;
Their visors were lifted from the poise of the head;
They looked like men living and not like men dead;
Jewel-hilted their swords with their points to the floor;
On the shield of their breastplate the word "Evermore."
In rapt admiration I gazed on the sight,
And studied the portraits of each gallant knight
Now gone to the shore where mysteries reign,
Where life's wed to life in an unbroken chain;
And the king and the queen of this old castle grand
Now bask in the summer of an enchanted land;
Naught remains but the beauty of these shadowy forms,
Enshrouded in the glamour of sunshine and storms.

But a truce to this vein,—when my mission is o'er
I can muse on the wonders of a far distant shore:
For when the snow pales on Iteta's bold side
I must leave these strange scenes to claim my sweet bride.
Methinks I can now hear the dip of her oar
As her bark skims the billows for this evergreen shore,
And hear that loved voice in melodious strain—
"My bold handsome lover, I've come back again."

In one room I entered through an antique carved door,
Hung massive framed mirrors from ceiling to floor;
Reflections converging around me thrown then
Peopled that room with an army of men.
These mirrors were steel with a polish so bright

That the focus of rays turned day into night.
 As I gazed on their surface strange to relate
 Everything seemed in a transition state,
 The sorcerer's art, the astrologer's lore,
 The divination of witches, which all nations deplore,
 All passed in review their mysteries revealed,—
 I noted them down and the book firmly sealed.

In that enchanted castle I spent many hours,
 And roamed through its arbors and beautiful bowers,
 And basked in the midst of its sunshine and flowers.

One night, while sitting by the castle's broad moat,
 In the flush of the tide I descried a small boat;
 It glided along like a spectre, I ween,
 And plying the oars was my beautiful queen.

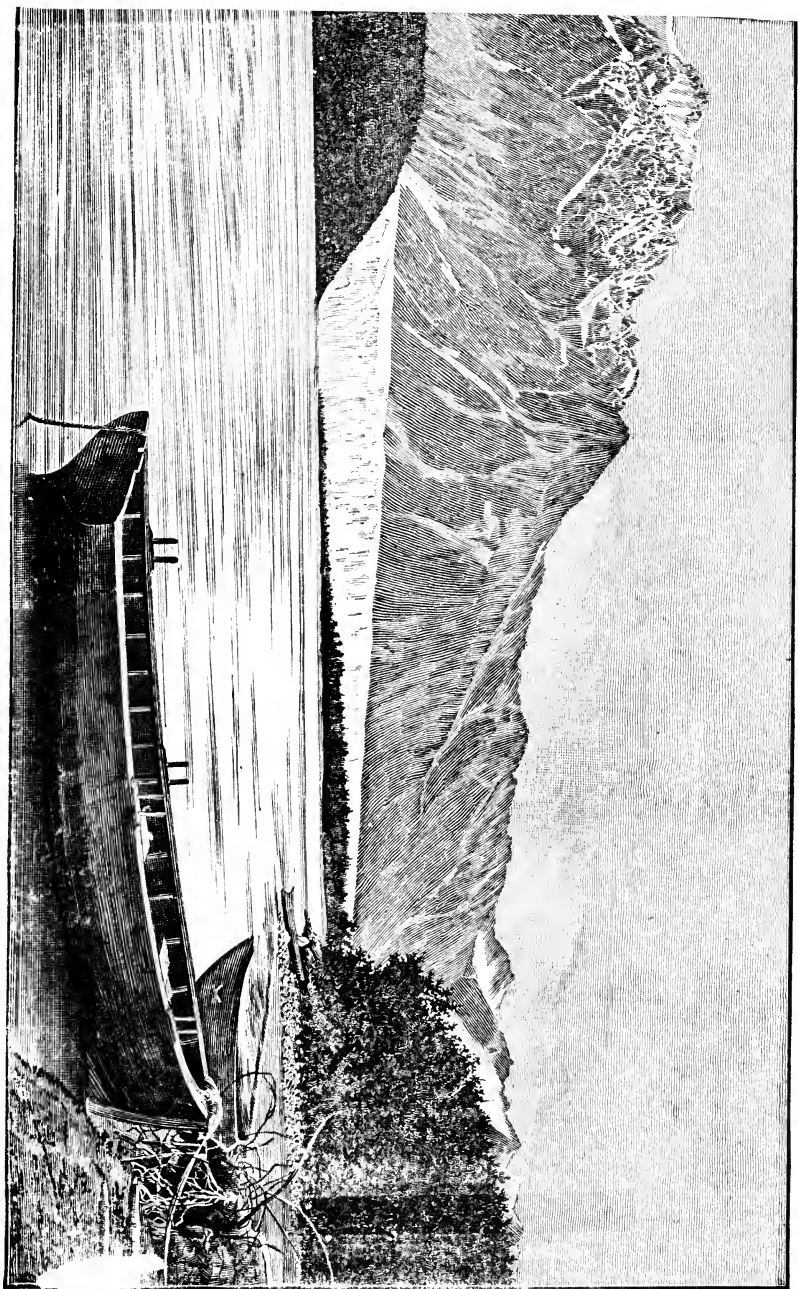
She waved her white hand with such stately grace,
 And soon we were clasped in love's fond embrace;
 There is not in this wide world a bower so sweet
 As the bower in whose bosom true lovers meet.
 The snow had now paled from Iteta's side,
 And I had at last won my fair bride.

Reader! the rest of my story's soon told,
 And the sequel is the same, same story of old,
 Mid love's enchantment, hand within hand,
 We wandered in bliss through that old castle grand;
 Stood in amaze in that palace grand dome
 And saw marine monsters plough through the sea's foam;
 Saw long wavy lines of waves 'gainst coral reefs beat
 Where the sea and the sky in embrace seemed to meet.
 Then the gloaming came on and the full orb'd moon rose
 From the gates of the east in such calm repose,
 As the conqueror comes with his legions at rest
 Yon glorious sun lit the gates of the west,

In pale shrouds of fire commingling glinted back,
To welcome the Queen of Night on her track.
And that old castle grand, with its domes and its spires,
Imprinted the shadows of those billowy fires
On upland and lowland, o'er moorland and lea,
Crowning in lustre that fair Isle of the sea.
O'erwhelmed with rapture, we gazed on the scene
Where silently whispered love's first fond young dream;
"Art is beautiful, so gloriously rare,
But art with nature cannot compare."

In the soft haze of a bright autumn day
We left that fair Isle and sailed far away,
And gaily our bark sped o'er the bright foam
In search of a land, our own native home.
The breeze bent our sails; our work is now o'er;
Our boat now lies moored on Alaska's fair shore.



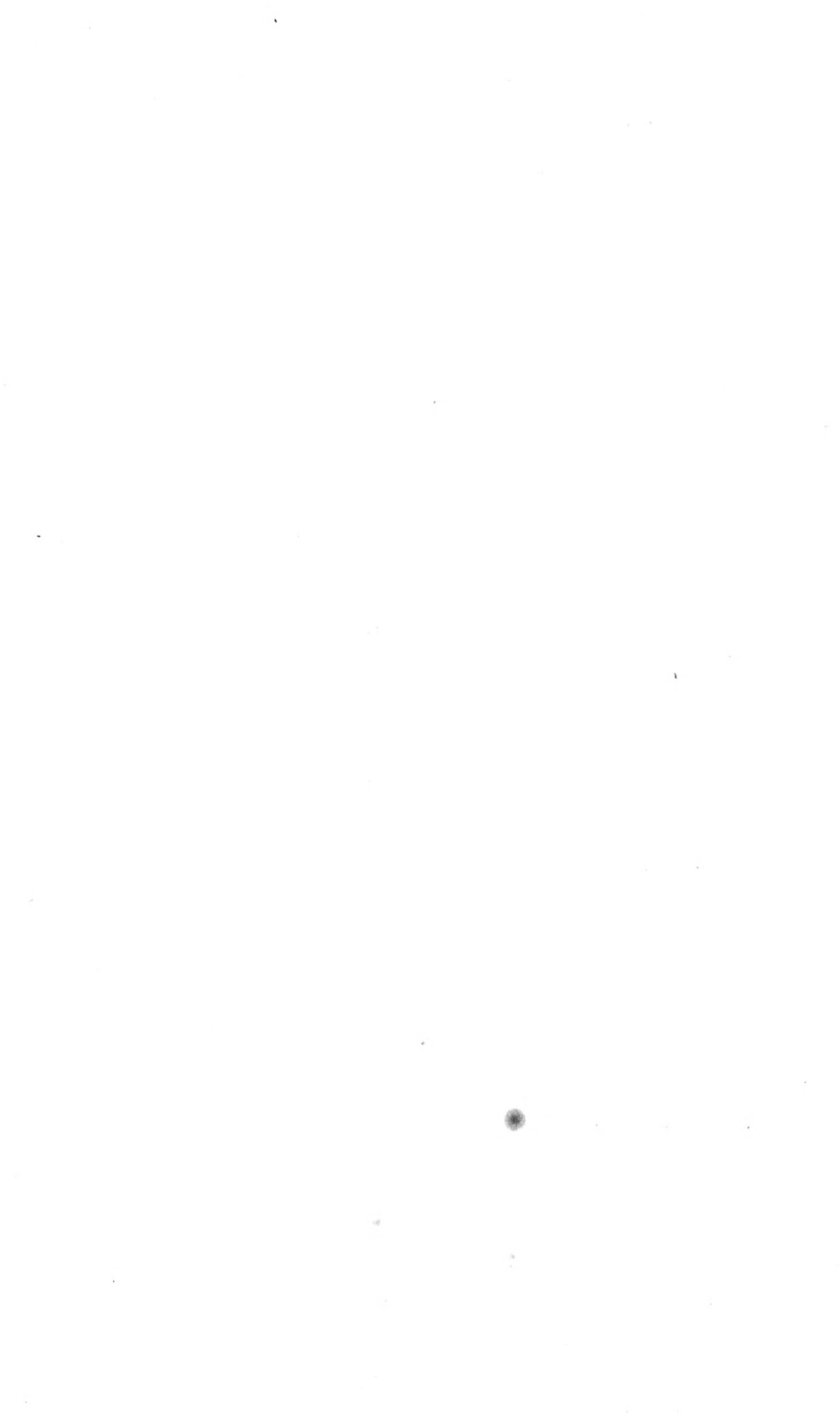


CHILD'S GLACIER, ALASKA.

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